

The Hebrew.

וְהַ עַלְמָ נִטְעָ בְּרֵגֶתְנִי "THE ETERNAL LIFE HE PLANTED AMONGST US."

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WHOLE NO. 1244

The Hebrew.

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PHILIP JACOBY, Editor

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THE ANGEL IN BLUE.

The little fishing hamlet of F—— in the north of France, is but little known. The inhabitants of the town of G—— close by, the families of officers garrisoned there, come to it in the oppressive summer months to bathe and breathe the sea-air; but the small hotel that has assumed the pretentious title of Casino is chiefly supported by invalids, who seek the dull *plage* for the sake of the invigorating breeze and quiet.

The fishers dwelling in the miserable huts are a hardy, vigorous race. Many of the men leave for the Iceland codfishing, and the women live as they can, catching shrimps or seeking bait for the fishermen who are content to throw their-nets and catch fish for the neighboring markets.

The sea was high and beat against the downs, where here and there, a few stunted trees formed a kind of wood. Some boats were entering the harbor, a steamer passing from England, and some sea-gulls flashed white against the sky. The sun was setting, casting a lurid glare on the dancing waves and lighting up two figures, a man and a girl, standing on the downs.

If you examined the man, you could easily discern that some mortal disease was sapping away his strength, and that a deathly ashen hue often stole over his face. Though only forty-five years of age, he supported himself with a stick, and leaned heavily on it.

The girl was enchantingly fair; her hair was so light that in some shades it looked powdered, and fell in feathered masses over her sloping shoulders, framing and softening the splendid carnation of her transparent skin, on which, by a curious contrast, the eyebrows and long lashes were marked quite dark. The eyes were of a limpid clear blue, and had an innocent, trusting expression. They were cast down now, and her fingers were playing nervously with some shells. She was dressed completely in her favorite color—blue; her dress had forget-me-nots printed on it, and her large hat had blue gauze twisted around it, from which the lovely face rose like an angel's from a misty cloud.

The charm was so great that she had been surnamed *L'ange en bleu*, "the angel in blue," and the rough fishers, when they met her, signed themselves and were tempted to fall on their knees before her.

The man's face was convulsed with passion, his voice trembled, and he staggered more than ever. The darkness of his skin, hair, and eyes denoted his Southern origin, and his blood seemed now on fire.

"You have mocked me," he said seizing his companion's delicately-veined wrist, and realizing, even in brutal grasp, how soft and velvety it felt. "You know that I came here for quiet and repose, and yet you played your coquette's role! You drew me on, you suffered me to love you, and then, when I adored you, you turned round surprised and scandalized. You do not know the harm you have done me."

He pressed his hands to his forehead and sob shook his frame.

The girl shivered, though the heat was oppressive.

"How could I tell?" she answered. "I thought of you as an invalid, separated from your friends, and gave you great sympathy."

Her voice was marvellously sweet, and her eyes dangerously soft and clear as they looked up.

"When——" here she hesitated, "when I found you had mistaken my feelings, I regretted bitterly, and did I not prove it by writing to you, expressing my sorrow at your sufferings? Ah, mon Dieu!" she cried, "I wrote because my heart bled for you, and now you refuse to return me my letter."

"You doubt, then, my honor!" exclaimed her companion. "It is for that reason you claim your letter! I have it always here," he took it from his breast pocket, "but I will keep it. Revenge is sweet."

The girl turned pale. She saw no way out of the dilemma. She was the daughter of a retired colonel living in the neighboring town of G——, and what would become of her if people knew she had written to a married man?

She had been on a visit to her sister, married to a wealthy merchant, who had built a villa close to the sea. One afternoon, as she had strolled out, she had met this man, whose admiration had hitherto amused and flattered her. The sensitive state of his shattered nerves and frame had rendered his passion still more acute, and, throwing himself at her feet, he had declared his adoration. His marriage had been a most unhappy one, and it is impossible to fathom what hopes the amiability and coquetry of this charming siren had given him.

She had laughed at him; then afterwards, haunted by his piteous look, her heart had softened, and out of pity and compassion she had written to him to console him by her re-

gret. It was only a few lines, prettily worded, of excuse and compassion; but now a few hours ago the Comte de Villemessant, struck by her ravishing beauty, had asked her in marriage. She had accepted him, and realized how this scrap of paper might compromise her and injure her prospects, for was it not the proof of her previous coquetry? But she claimed her letter in vain.

"Do I not know your ambition?" said the infatuated man, "that while you laugh at me you are seeking to be Madame la Comtesse? What will you give me for this letter? To me whom you have nearly killed! I will leave instruction that a *lettre de faire part* shall be sent to you of my death, and then you will know I cursed you on my deathbed."

The girl now hid her face in her hands and cried bitterly, murmuring piteously:

"Pray give me my letter! pray give me my letter!"

A third person had come up unawares. It was the Lieutenant Valliant, in garrison of the town of G——, the same town where Valentine and her father, the Col. Dubois, resided.

He carried his gun, having been shooting rabbits on the downs, and his tall, handsome elastic figure, and his proud, fair face fitted to advantage in his loose sportsman's costume. He was a young officer of much promise, having greatly distinguished himself in the Tonquin war, and having escaped with a serious wound that had proved so deep and so nearly fatal that the regimental doctor warned him that any violent excitement might make it open afresh and prove fatal. He was a great favorite with the Colonel Dubois, who looked upon him as a young hero.

"What does this mean?" he cried angrily. "It is only a coward who would frighten a woman," he cried, his fair complexion flushing. "Mademoiselle Valentine, let me claim this letter. I am here to help you!"

"This is, then, another of your lovers? Ma foi! I pity the comte," cried her companion, furiously.

His rage had reached its paroxysm, and, in a moment of madness, he seized the lieutenant's gun—unfortunately loaded—pointed it to his head, and the next moment fell down at the girl's feet.

The lieutenant held his flask, still full of wine, to her lips to revive her, and then dragged her away.

"Remember your reputation," he whispered, trembling with emotion at being so close to her, "return directly, and do not betray yourself. Trust me always."

"What will my father and—the comte say?" she gasped piteously.

He scanned her face anxiously and earnestly, as if trying to read the truth.

"What has the comte to do with it?" he asked.

"He asked my hand of my father last night and he was accepted," she faltered.

The young lieutenant winced as he had never done before, not even lying on the battle field frightfully wounded. He, too, adored this splendid creature, and she had led him to suppose she was not indifferent to him. But no reproach escaped his lips. He was young, just twenty-eight, had already a name in the army, and was handsome and well-born; but he only looked at her sadly, thinking, "How could I, a poor officer, hope to merit such perfection."

"You are cross, you will betray me," she said, trembling all over; "and my letter will be found!"

"Betray you! Never! I swear it on my officer's honor," he exclaimed, passionately. "As for the letter, you shall have it, I promise you."

Then she fled, and he returned to the man left on the downs.

He was quite dead.

III.

All the young girls in G—— and in the *département* envied Valentine Dubois' luck at the rich marriage she was going to make, and it was the news of the day. It was true, Valentine was the beauty of the province, but she had but a small dot, and Madame de Villemessant, though forty years old, and of very rigid principles, was enormously rich, and possessed a splendid *château*. The old colonel had wished her to marry an officer, and had saved up the dot that the Government required for an officer's wife, hoping sincerely in his heart that it would be for his favorite Raoul—but who can resist a comte?

The trousseau, engagement ring, daily bouquet, offered regularly, were discussed by every one, when suddenly more startling news changed the current of gossip.

Monsieur Colin, an invalid lodger at the Casino, had been found, with his brains blown out, lying on the downs, and an old fisherman passing by had discovered Raoul over him trying to restore him. The young man's gun was subsequently found loose by. It was well known the two men were not friends—Raoul had secretly resented Monsieur Colin's assiduities of Valentine—and, though the reason was ignored, they had been heard exchanging high words the night before.

A woman's scream had resounded, a tiny perfumed glove found, and a female form had been seen hurrying away; but in the gloom the graceful Valentine had not been recognized.

The old fisherman explained that Raoul had told him to seek a surgeon immediately, and that he seemed in a state of great agitation; but the *père Benoit* gave his evidence most reluctantly, for the young lieutenant was greatly esteemed by all. Many a time when off duty he had sat up with dying men, while the relative watching them had thus obtained rest; and he had one stormy night rescued a little sailor boy from a wreck, exposing his own life. But all this could not save him; for how many men renowned for valorous deeds had wrecked their lives in a moment of passion?

Her own account was most confused, for he did not know how to tell a lie, and with a

white face and clenched teeth he related all he could; but how could he clear himself without criminating his love? And he was sent between two *gendarmes* to the large, as-size town of D—— to await his trial.

Advertisements were inserted and detected to find the woman, but though the glove was traced to a shop in one of the adjacent towns, it was impossible to obtain any clue. The glower owned that it was an extraordinarily small size, and remembered that the buyer had been remarkably handsome; but he failed to recognize her in any of the women he was shown, declaring there was not one half as lovely.

But the "angel in blue" was above suspicion, and nobody thought of associating her with the drama. Raoul had taken the letter from the corpse, and kissed the paper passionately and hidden it securely away, and thus obliterated all evidence against his beloved one.

The old colonel's voice trembled when he spoke of his favorite's disgrace.

He went to see him at D——, but Raoul only shook his head sadly, gnawed his moustache, and when he spoke of Valentine a brighter light, such as a martyr might have had, shone in his eyes, and his face brightened and smiled so much that the old colonel told his daughter he was quite *gai*.

"It was the dream of my life to see the poor boy *découvrir* and a general," he said, "but the whole affair is monstrous, ridiculous! How could a French officer be guilty of such *lachete*?"

Valentine's heart echoed the same words, for she told herself constantly that it was impossible an innocent man could be found guilty. She knew one word of her's would release him, but why disgrace herself when he could not be punished?

A few hours after the prisoner's arrest a sealed packet had been thrust into her hand as she returned from *salut*, and she had recognized Raoul's military servant—a soldier who would have killed himself to save his master—hurrying away in the dusk. Carefully inclosed was the terrible letter, stained with blood, and a few lines in Raoul's writing on a slip of paper: "Do not fear, trust me. I will never betray you!"

III.

It was the end of the summer, the fisherman had returned from Iceland, and there was a general jubilee in the adjacent fishing hamlet of F——. The thanksgiving *salut* was said in the open air by the little chapel near the sea, and when the count was seen there by the side of the "angel in blue," everybody declared he must indeed be enamored, for it was well known he was very lax in his religious views.

The "Icelanders," dressed in their best clothes, were kneeling on the sands, and their families surrounded them. Little tiny babies were held up to be blessed by the priest, and the old women's faces were bent so low in thankfulness that they touched the sand.

The wives clung to their husbands, and the young girls, as they crossed themselves, cast proud glances at their lovers. The waves' roar made a grand accompaniment to it all, and seemed to assert their power mastery.

The groups parted as the comte arrived with his *fiancée*.

"There is the *angel en bleu*," was muttered, and it seemed as if her beauty cast a halo and charm over all, and came to bless the success of their hard labor in Iceland.

The year before Raoul had been there, and he had bent his knee as the service was said, but it was the lovely girl he had worshipped all the time, as her dress, stirred by the faint breeze, touched the sand.

After the ceremony, the comte returned with his betrothed and Madame Froment, who was there to chaperon them, and whose pride in her sister's splendid prospects was so intense that she strutted like a peacock, planning in her mind all the glory of the *noce*, and of the triumph of her half-dozen children's toilets.

The dressmaker came that evening to try on the wedding dress, and when the comte was called in to see the enchanting sight—the lovely girl in the full pride of her beauty and her seventeen years—he uttered an exclamation of rapture.

"Beautiful angel!" he cried, and would have taken her in his arms; and then, remembering etiquette, restrained himself, and contented his passion by kissing her hands passionately.

Valentine shuddered. It reminded her that one day she had allowed Raoul to touch her fingers with his lips, and the caress had seemed very much sweeter than the comte's, and she thought of the young lieutenant in prison—disgraced, miserable.

"But he must be acquitted," she argued, "for who could condemn him? He would be afterwards still more esteemed and honored."

It was the hour for the *retraite*, and the soldiers with their drums and trumpets passed by to the barracks. The lighthouse shone forth with its revolving fire, and the signal boat on the sea flashed crimson in the distance.

Valentine turned away with a sigh; her bridal dress seemed to stifle her, and she was anxious to take it off till in a few days she would have to assume it again. The white shiny stuff glistened and assumed a silvery look, and the long-trained robe seemed to surround her like a cloud.

"What a charming comtesse you will make!" whispered her fiancé.

The words had scarcely left his lips when footsteps were heard approaching rapidly, and the next moment the captain Leleu, of Raoul's battalion, entered precipitately. His face was working with strong emotion, and he was so agitated that he, usually a most elegant cavalier, nearly stumbled over his sword.

A blue paper was in his hand, and he started, so agitated was he, as he spoke.

"We have just received the telegram," he

said. Raoul is found guilty! It appears what lost him completely was that he was seen to attract a packet from the dead man's pocket. This action proved premeditation.

The colonel started up with a fierce oath. "What! the woman has not been found?" he cried. "I am sure she would have the courage to come forward! The poor boy! The poor boy!"

It was so horrible, Valentine had not seemed to understand. Her face turned as white as her dress, and her eyes had a frightened horror in them; then she seemed to form a picture of the woman he was shown, declaring there was not one half as lovely.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LUCKY PEOPLE.

Two of the coupons of ticket No. 50,255 which drew the capital prize of \$15,000 in the last drawing of The Louisiana State lottery are held by persons in this State.

George Smith, a grocer, residing at the corner of Fifteenth and Kirkham streets, in Oakland, was lucky enough to purchase one of the coupons, and now rejoices in the receipt of nearly \$15,000 as the result of his investment. Mr. Smith has long been known as a reputable merchant and as a prominent member of several German organizations of that city. The possession of such unexpected wealth in no degree affects his usual equanimity, and his demeanor under such circumstances proves him to be eminently fitted to bear such a stroke of good fortune. Some years ago, when beginning his present business in a small way, he contracted certain debts, which, on account of misfortune, he was never able to pay. The very first thing that he now proposes to do is to liquidate every dollar of his past indebtedness and again stand before the world, owing no man anything.

In the spring he proposes to pay

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Their newly opened establishment, corner Sutter and Polk, will prove a great boon to our many readers in the Western Addition, for they will find there everything a first class drug establishment can offer.

Both stores being under one management, patrons of the new establishment can be sure of finding here the same good quality of drugs and toilet articles, carefulness of compounding, and fairness in all business transactions as at the drug store on Montgomery and Bush. The fixtures of the new store are of solid mahogany, designed by Wakelee & Co. and manufactured by Messrs. Fink & Schindler; the decorations by Mr. L. Aron; the marble work by Ruffino & Bianchi. The prescription counter is a marvel of elegance and taste and especially designed for the convenient dispensing of physicians' prescriptions. The soda fountain is a gem of exquisite workmanship and design, formed of highly polished California onyx, constituting a most original and attractive ornament. Here our lady readers can enjoy their ice cream soda, with new delicious fruit flavors to their heart's content.

By means of private telephonic communication between the two stores, prescriptions originally prepared at one store can at a moment's notice be duplicated at the other. The extent and variety of colognes, perfumes and choice toilet articles calculated to surprise and delight the visitor, and the knowledge that everything in sight is pure, genuine and reliable, inspires a feeling of perfect confidence in all beholders.

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CHAS. M. PLUM & CO.

Our lady readers will surely thank us for calling their attention to the grand display of rich furniture, upholstery ware and carpets to be seen at the mammoth establishment of Chas. M. Plum & Co., 1301 to 1307 Market street, corner of Ninth. Nowhere else in this city can such superior goods be purchased as can be found here, and to inspect which will well repay our readers. We personally can add that all those honoring Chas. M. Plum & Co. with their patronage can rest assured of being fairly dealt with.

THE FOUNTAIN THEATRE.—This leading popular place of amusement, S. E. corner Sutter and Kearny Street, has lately changed hands, and is now owned by Messrs. Ned Foster and John Parr. Under the experienced management of Mr. Ned Foster, the Fountain Theatre is becoming more popular than ever, only talent of the highest order being engaged there and the refreshments served of the very best. Those of our merchants from the interior, now in the city will find the Fountain Theatre the best place of amusement now open.

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Numerous improvements have been carried out by Messrs. BROOKS
& DALL, which must be seen to be appreciated.

The Hebrew.

Deutscher Theil.

Auf Irrwegen.

By A. Königshofen.

Gehorsamer Diener! gehorsamer Diener! der kleine Mann nach allen Seiten, bis er sich durch alle Besucher bis zur Frau Weißschild hindurchzogt hatte.

Schön, daß Sie Ihr Wort halten und mich alte Frau nicht vergessen haben, sagen Sie sich! rief diese sich erhebend, ihm entgegen. Der Doctor nahm in der Nähe der Frau Weißschild Platz, die ihn den Nachstüden vorstellte.

Entschuldigen Sie! nahm er wieder das Wort, indem er an seiner Weste nestete und, als ob keinem auch die geringste seiner Bewegungen entgehen sollte, ein Taschentuch, das er sich um den Leib getupft, mit Orientierung abwarf.

Herr Doctor! Sie scheinen wohl nicht zu wissen, daß man hier in der Stadt tragen darf? bemerkte ein junger Mann.

Gewiß weiß ich das, aber Vorsicht ist die Mutter der Weisheit. Ich denke immer, wenn ich gehe; da kann es mir passieren, daß mittlen in meinem Venen meine Füße mich bis zum Thore hinuntergetragen haben; was macht ich nun, wenn ich da mein Taschentuch bei mir habe? Darum ist es mein erste Sorge, gleich beim Verlassen des Hauses mein Tuch umzubinden; jedem habe ich auch hente schön meine gewohnte Morgenpromenade gemacht.

Einer jungen Dame, die neben Vion saß, fiel ein Handschuh, mit dem sie in der Hand gespielt hatte, zu Boden. Vion blieb sich galant, denselben aufzuhoben; doch o Malheur! aus der Brusttasche des gewissenhaften Doctors fiel, während er sich mit dem Oberkörper bückte, eine Brieftasche zu Boden. Der junge Mann, der ihn vorher angedeutet, holt diese schnell auf und reichte sie Vion mit den Worten:

Gehört diese Ihnen, Herr Doctor?

Meine Brieftasche? Ja! Wie kommt diese hierher?

Sie ist Ihnen eben entfallen!

Geben entfallen? Ich bin ganz consternirt! Da haben Sie es, da haben Sie es! Das ewige Denken, da weiß ich nicht, was ich thue; ich kann nicht vorsichtig genug sein.

Beruhigen Sie sich, Herr Doctor! nahm Frau Weißschild das Wort, um ihrem Besucher aus der peinlichen Verlegenheit, in welche seine schenkelige Prachtet, und ein neidischer Zufall ihn gebracht, zu helfen, was man nicht gern und absichtlich thut, wird einem nicht als Stunde angerechnet.

Nein, nein! rief Von aus, der Mensch soll vorsichtig sein! Doch was soll ich machen? Ich werde diese Woche einen Tag fasten!

Von hätte ich Lust, den schenkeligen Heuler zu entlarven, wenn ich nicht Frau Weißschild schonen wollte, sagte ein in der Ecke stehender älterer Mann leise zu eingen andern, beide Verwandte der Frau Weißschild, die sich aber von der allgemeinen Unterhaltung zurückgezogen hielten und beide nicht von Dr. Vion bemerkt werden konnten. Wie weit es mit dessen Frömmigkeit her ist, davon kann ich Dir ein Exempel geben.

Es mögen wohl zwei Jahre her sein, als dieser Mensch am Schabbos zu mir kam. Ich wohnte damals vor dem Potsdamer Thor. Er erzählte mir, daß er sich um die damals vacante Rabbinerstelle in G. bewerben wolle, er habe erfahren, daß mein Bruder dort Vorsteher sei und er wünschte von mir eine Empfehlung an diesen. Deutlich nahm er seine Brieftasche heraus, legte mir eine Klammer Zeugnis vor, und eine Empfehlung meines Freundes P. an mich, in dessen Hause er verkehrte. Ich drückte ihm mein Erstaunen darüber aus, daß er am Thore trage. So, Sie geben darauf auch noch etwas? entgegnete er mir, ich habe gemeint, in Berlin würde man davon gar nichts mehr; wenn ich gewußt hätte, daß Sie das genötigt wärde ich lieber morgen gekommen. Da man in Berlin noch etwas davon weiß, erwiderte ich ihm, will ich nicht untersuchen, ich weiß etwas davon und hatte sehr viel darauf; Sie werden also daraus schon entnehmen, daß, wenn ich mich auch ungefragt nicht in Ihre Berufung mischen will, ich Sie aber nicht geradezu empfehlen kann.

Aber mein Herr, antwortete mir Jener, ich weiß bestimmt, daß man in G. keinen penibel Orthodoxen will, daß man dort den Mann des gemäßigten Fortschritts, welcher nicht an Kleinigkeiten hängt, wünscht und ich weiß, daß ich den Anforderungen, welche die vorliegende Gemeinde stellt, entspreche. Wüßte ich auch nicht, antwortete ich ihm, daß mein Bruder gerade dort sich diejenigen Schaufelstufen entgegenstellt, so würde ich auch nicht

danach fragen, was man dort will, sondern ich würde bei Empfehlungen mein Gewissen zu Rathe ziehen und niemals meinen Einfluss dazu hinzugeben, einen Mann zum Rabbinat zu verhelfen, dem das Tragen am Schabbes eine Kleinigkeit ist. Ich verpflichte mich auch anderfalls streng orthodox zu leben! erwiderte mir Jener kaltblütig. Da konnte ich aber nicht länger mich halten und ich plakte heraus: Herr, ich wünsche allein zu sein! Der Heudler zuckte sich, seitdem habe ich ihn nicht gesprochen, und das ist nun der Mann, der jetzt aus lauter Besorgniß in der Stadt sein Taschentuch umbindet, aber heute noch durch ewiges Denken bei einem Spaziergang vor den Thoren sein Taschenbuch bei sich trägt.

Während diese Unterhaltung seitwärts gepflogen wurde, hatte Vion sich zum Meister der Situation gemacht. Er wußte sehr viel zu erzählen, von seinen Reisen, seinen vielen Erfahrungen, auf welche er zurückblickte. Eins aber habe er besonders in Berlin wahrgenommen, was in anderen großen Städten nicht so augenfällig auftritt, die Bildunglichkeit elegant und zerlumpt gebliebener Bettler. Er verlor kein Auge von Lea Vandorff, als er von einem scheinbar ganz verkommenen Menschen erzählte, der ihn gestern in seiner Wohnung angeschaut und nicht weniger als ein Darlehen von 10 Thaler von ihm verlangt habe, er könne ihm das Geld bestimmt innerhalb acht Tagen zurückgeben, da er durch Verwandte hier viele reichen Leuten in enger Verbindung stände, von denen er bestimmt das Geld zur Einlösung seiner Verbindlichkeiten erhalten werde.

Auf die Frage, warum er nicht direct sich an diese reichen Leute wende, habe er ausweichend geantwortet, er müsse erst ein Verständnis aussäkären, das sich zwischen ihm und seine Verwandte gedrängt habe und dergleichen dumme Redensarten mehr. Ich habe den Lump natürlich hinausgeworfen, so schloß Vion seinen Sermon, dieser aber warf mir die merkwürdige Drohung zurück, daß er etwas ins Werk setze, wovon man in Berlin sich noch lange erzählen werde. Solche Ausdrücklichkeit ist mir noch nicht vorgekommen und ich habe schon viel erlebt. Es scheint aber eine ganze Olique zu sein, die das Betteln systematisch betreibt, denn sonst ließe sich ein so frisches Auftreten mit bestimpter Forderung gar nicht erklären.

Von hatte wohl bemerkt, wie während seiner Erzählung Vion sich immer mehr und mehr entzückte und als diese, ohn daß die Gesellschaft es besonders beachte, eilig das Zimmer verließ, hatte er die Gemüthsbewegung bei sich, daß sein Besuch nicht umsonst gewesen, sontern das unglückliche Mädchen zu irgend einem verzweifelten Entschluß treiben würde.

Während man im Familienzimmer der Weißschild sich weiter unterhielt, bis die Zeit des Aufbruchs herankam, rang das junge Mädchen auf seinem Zimmer unter bitteren Thränen nach Fassung. Ihr Bruder, denn kein Anderer könnte es sein, von dem Dr. Vion erzählt hatte, war ein elender Lump, der an der Thore eines Menschen, den sie verachtete, bettelte und von diesem Menschen wie ein Hund von der Schwelle seines Hauses weg gezogen wurde! Es mußte ein Entschluß gefaßt werden; sie nahm sich fest vor, gleich nach Sabbath Ausgang sich, was auch kommen möge, an Elmshorn schriftlich zu wenden, um durch diesen auf ihren Bruder zu wirken.

Seien Sie morgen Vormittag um 9 Uhr in der Französischen Straße vor dem Hause Nr. 69; ich habe Sie in wichtiger Angelegenheit zu sprechen, und bringen Sie dieses Briefchen mit.

Das war der Inhalt des Billets, das Elmshorn unter der Adresse Bergthal am Sonntag Vormittag auf der Post vordarf. Sie heißt an, murmelte Elmshorn höhnisch vor sich hin; aber wie vorsichtig, sie hat es nicht gewagt, ihren Namen zu schreiben.

Von war mit den meisten Einfällen der Frau Weißschild betraut, es war ihr also ein Leichtes, Vormittags das Haus zu verlassen, ohne daß dieses besonders aufzufallen wäre. Frau Weißschild sand daher auch nichts Besonders darin, als Vea ihr am Sonntag erklärte, daß sie sich morgen sehr früh mit den noch nördlichen Einkäufen fertig machen wolle, und sie daher statt Nachmittags, schon in der Frühe ihre Ausgänge begegnen werde.

Frau Weißschild hatte nämlich so viel eingekauft, weniger für sich als für Andere, daß sie jeden Tag Gelehrten für ihre Ausgänge hätte brauchen können. Sie lachte auch gleich ihren langen Verzettel aus ihrem Arbeitstaschen heraus und bezeichnete Vea mit Bleistift, was sie Alles zu haben wünschte.

Leut war es schwer uns Herz, als sie am andern Morgen den Fiaker bestieg, der sie nach den verschiedenen Läden bringen sollte, wo sie ihre Besorgungen zu machen hätte: War ja heute für sie ihre Pflichterfüllung im Dienste der Frau Weißschild nicht ihre Hauptthätigkeit, sollte jene ja nur dazu dienen, ihre eigentliche Absicht zu verbüllen. War es recht das, was sie that, warum fürchtete sie denn so sehr die Offenheit? Sie spielte Versteckens vor ihrer guten Freunden und Geschäftsräumen, sie that geheim. Aber sie hatte ja nicht etwas Schlechtes im Sinne, sie befand sich ja im Hale der Notwehr, Verhüllung von sich und Schande und Schmerz von ihren Eltern abzuwenden.

Dienste der Frau Weißschild nicht ihre

bei, wenn Ihren Eltern nicht der größte Schmerz bereit werden soll. Ich bin darum zu Baron von Lesenheim, einem Gentleman, der jetzt von mir, gegangen. Dieser liebenswürdige achtzigjährige Greis hilft gern — Gott bewahre! ich nehme nichts geschenkt, unterbrach Vea heftig den Sprecher.

(Fortsetzung folgt.)

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THE HEBREW.

The Hebrew.

FRIDAY, September 30, (5648) 1887

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

The picture elsewhere presented of the comforts of the Jewish Home for the Aged in New York, shows what might be done in the management of a free Jewish Hospital in this city.

It is not every city in the Union in which Collection Day, or any similar institution, would be postponed on account of the Jewish Day of Atonement. The liberal spirit of San Francisco is thus fully shown to the world.

SIDNEY LUSKA is severely scored by Dr. K. Kohler in *The Menorah*, for his misrepresentations of Jewish life in his latest story "The Yoke of the Thorah!" Nevertheless he has been invited to deliver a lecture before a Jewish association.

The Hebrew Journal claims that there is a bigotry in Reform as well as in Orthodoxy. It instances the case of the Rabbi who tore off the mourning emblems that covered up the mirrors, and the Rabbi who refused to dedicate an orthodox synagogue with his hat on. Its point seems to be well taken. There are bigots on both sides of the house.

WE are grieved to read, with a feeling which could only find expression in the phrase "Thou, too, Brutus," of such ebullitions of intolerance in the sunny South as the Goldberg incident. But the community should not be held responsible for the acts of individuals in this case any more than in that of the Louisiana outrage or the Wilkinson letters about the Jews of the Cotton Belt.

AFTER the New Year comes a fast and then a feast. This typifies the two extremes of life, poverty and plenty, the jewel-eyed toad of Adversity and the shutting peacock of Prosperity. The sensible Israelite ought to be able to withstand the pressure of either. But the mere act of fasting in itself, without conation of spirit, is but a mockery and a delusion.

THE Jews of Tunis honor the memory of Simon the Just in a curious manner. When a member of the community wishes to celebrate the occasion, his co-religionists send him cotton wicks with which he illuminates his dwelling, after which he receives his visitors reclining in a divan. The guests partake of some boiled peas and a brandy cordial, and then kiss the hands of the celebrant and retire. What an interesting volume might be made of the customs of the Hebrew race in various lands and times. There is nothing of the sort in English, we think, which is the product of a Jewish pen.

THE ninth volume of the French translation of the Talmud, by Moïse Schwab, has just been issued. It is calculated that two more volumes will complete the work within two years. Thus, it is pointed out, the end of the great enterprise, beyond doubt one of the most important of its kind that the century has witnessed, and which has so often been pronounced impossible, is distinctly in sight. It should then be an easy task, it seems to us, to translate the translation into English, and one worthy of the efforts of Emanuel Deutsch to explain the contents of that vast library of the world.

DR. SONNECHEIN'S old congregation, Shaare Emeth of St. Louis, is again without a Rabbi. Dr. Sale, the new importation, wanted Sunday services; the congregation would only go as far as Sunday lectures, so the Doctor resigned, and has been re-elected to his old post at Chicago. This is all that appears on the surface, but it is hinted that more remains behind. We suppose the influence of the split is still felt. At any rate, the congregation sent away King Stork and got King Log. Sonneschein was extremely radical and sensational, but Sale was at least too much reformed for the conservative members. Perhaps they might try rambunctious Rabbi Browne, who is now out of a situation.

THE Jewish paper that contained no item concerning the Rothschild family would be a singular journal. Lately we have been regaled with the escapades of the daughter of the Baroness, who married a Belgian colonel, and with the reported expulsion of one of the family from Vienna for refusing to show his conservatories to the scapgegrace brother of the Emperor, which was followed by the somewhat contradictory account of a grand party given by the same member and attended by the highest society of the capital. Now we read of the marriage of Ellen, daughter of Baron Gustav Rothschild, who is President of the Jewish Congregation of Paris, France, to a Hindoo Jewish Baron of the well-known Sassoon family of Oriental millionaires, whose genealogy is supposed to reach up to the Princes of the Exile.

The king of Italy has sent 500 lire, for the repair of the dilapidated Jewish cemetery of Sienna.

THE FEAST OF BOOTHES.

In memory of the days when we dwelt in booths in the wilderness, as well as in recognition of the ingathering of the harvest, we are supposed to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. Picturesque as are its observances, it has fallen into disuse of late years, and there are few even of the old school who honor its appearance with that favor which characterizes its recurrence in Europe, and which produces such a beautiful peep-show in Oriental lands as has been depicted by Disraeli in one of his novels, when makes the wayfarer look through the window of a Jewish house and gaze upon the interesting ceremonies. It used to be customary, we believe, for members of the congregation who could afford it to erect booths after the style of temporary summer-houses near their dwellings, and invite guests to partake of wine and cake with fervent blessings and prayers. Now this is done as a rule only in quite orthodox synagogues, where the reading of the law winds up with hosannas and waving of palm-branches, the scrolls of the law being carried in procession through the aisles of the synagogues and touched by the faithful, amid the resounding chants of the congregation, thus making a scene worthy to be embalmed in works of fiction like George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda." Yet that there are enough Jews in the world who observe it carefully, is shown by the thriving trade in palm-branches and citrons. The Booth' family of famous actors is said to derive its name from this festival. There are many interesting associations connected with the holiday which winds up the series that commences with the New Year.

A CONTRAST IN HOMES.

HEBREW AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS—THE NEW YORK JEWISH HOME FOR THE AGED—COMFORTS FOR THE OLD CENTENARIANS; AND ALSO CLEANLINESS.

Let us look at a contrast in homes. I met an old lady lately whose church had been doing a great thing for her. She was decrepit, feeble and very old. I came upon her when her few cherished bits of furniture, mementos of the past, were in process of removal, and the ancient dame herself was being carted off to a brand new edifice for the reception of the old. Two fierce looking women were ruthlessly picking up and throwing out the hoarded rubbish so dear to an old lady. They discoursed on the great good luck of my venerable friend in having a haven of rest to go to, and invited me to call sometime and view the wonderful institution where old ladies finished their days in a chill sort of comfort that was cruel to witness. So I bade good-by to the unlucky woman, who said at parting, "This is the first time I've felt reconciled to the death of my husband." Poor, sad heart. And she saw all the old paper boxes whose bottoms were carefully sewed in, emptied of their contents into a waste barrel; saw the old chest of drawers that had held pitiful remnants of her wardrobe carted off; she rejoiced that her old husband was to be put away from her with all the rest. There is but one charitable institution I know of in all New York that is a delight to visit. That one is the Jewish Home for the Aged. The Jews are remarkable for their charity to their own, but this place exceeds anything of the kind in its provisions for the aged heart as well as the aged body. Beneath its hospitable roof husband and wife dwell together in rooms the perfection of neatness and comfort. The old Abrahams and Sarahs sit side by side and talk over the days of their youth. The fact that they have seven meals a day will strike you as an embarrassment of victuals. The knowledge that there is a big smoking-room in the basement, where the appediluvians play penoole and dominoes for such light stake as lucifer matches, will surprise you. But to see the love that has endured between husband and wife for a life time, sustained and cherished by charity will astonish you. Its the noblest sight I know of on the Island.

And it is the only place where woman is known to boast of age. They have a centenarian, their show old baby, aged 108. After an interview with this relic of the past, you will always be met outside by some old Jewess who will assure you the institution is all wrong about that 108. The speaker is 97 and knows positively that the superiority of age belongs to her, not to that fraud in the little room. They will call attention to their own time warp faces and demand you shall use your own judgment if they don't look ever so much older than the 108 article.

One of the foundation stones of this edifice is cleanliness. As each inmate arrives he or she is fitted out with three suits of clothing, which must be looked after, if possible by the wearer. They are bathed, combed, brushed and shampooed and made to commence the last course of life in the best possible condition. Almost all the recipients of this Jewish bounty conform with delight to the pleasant rules, but occasionally a case crops up that is funny. One awful day an aged Prussian Jew arrived with a stuffed and greasy portmanteau. He was uncombed and unkempt. His cre-

dentials were all right. He was a proper candidate for admission. He was invited in and shown directly to the laundry, where they washed and ironed old men. He made a stand at the tub indignant. Wash? Not much. He swore by the beard of Abraham and by Sarah's back hair that he had not bathed in seventy years. He'd not adopt so foolish a custom at that late day. So he picked up his bundles and went out into the storm, convinced that the world held much more comfortable spots for him than that luxurious institution with its inevitable bath.—Clara Belle's Letter in *San Francisco Call*.

WAS SHAKSPERE A HEBREW?

(Written for THE HEBREW by "Ensign.")

Shaky Shakspere of the many spellings and the mighty works that have brought forth a library of commentary! It is proven that you used the word "bacon" several times in your writings, therefore you must have been a Chicago man, "You knew little Latin and less Greek, and perhaps you hardly could cipher, if these critics speak true, and yet by means of a cipher, are you undone, and by figures that never lie, are you proven to have been not the poaching son of a squire, but the keeper of the Seals, "the highest, wisest, meanest of mankind." Or if not so, as Ignatius Donnelly says, then you as Prof. Davidson suggests, a mere censor, or domestic critic, like Molierre's scullery maid. True, the New York Shakespeare Society is going to print the parallel texts that show what havoc printers and pirates made with the text, so that there can't be much basis for believing in the cipher. But you shall be Bacon still, because, forsooth, your life was not inspiring enough for the genius that ruled you. Well, no doubt your spirit will not object to being changed into another person altogether, since you have already been shown beyond a shadow of doubt to have been a soldier, a lawyer, a doctor and a catholic, by words taken out of your own mouth and your Hamlet to have been stout and lean, young and old, a man and a woman, and as the outcome of many conjectures of his mental status, to have been, as Gilbert of the topsy-turvy opera pitifully puts it, "idiotically sane, with lucid intervals of lunacy." But our own private opinion is that you were of the tribe of Israel and your name but a popular corruption of Jacob Spiro! True, your "Merchant of Venice" might lead folks to think that you were very far from an "Ebrew Jew," but we live in the days of Bandmann and Irving, we can read between the lines, and we decline to believe that you unconsciously gave us such a stirring picture of the wrongs of the race. Of course you did not dare to come out more boldly in those times in behalf of your brethren in faith, but you did your best, and we are satisfied. No doubt we would be able to find plenty of passages scattered through your works that will prove this proposition, as well as any other, and so we make haste to claim you and to thus explain so much of the mystery that surrounds your personality and your productions. Hail to thee, Shakspeare, chief of the scribes, light of the faithful!

THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The directors and members of the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Home Society held their annual meeting Sunday last at 2:30 o'clock in the asylum building at Devinader and Hayes streets, S. W. Levy, President, in the chair.

The President read his report of the work done during the past year. It showed poor progress as far as the enlargement of the roll of membership is concerned, as suspensions for non-payment of dues and deaths nearly equalled the number of new members, the net gain being only three. The last fiscal year was commenced with 1465 members, of whom 10 died, 22 resigned, and 49 were stricken from the roll, leaving 1384. The addition of 84 new members made the gain of 3. Last year there were 92 children under the care of the society; since then 16 were admitted and 16 discharged, leaving at this time 92 children, of whom 34 boys and 58 girls reside in the Home, and three girls and three boys live outside, four of whom are learning trades and will soon be able to take care of themselves. The children attend the public schools, and are assisted in their studies by two teachers, who hold classes every evening. The religious training is under the supervision of Dr. Voorsanger. Most of the children who are apprenticed to different trades are orderly and on the road to success; some of the fully discharged ones join the society as contributing members.

The finances of the society are in good condition. The capital account is credited with \$150,601,02, and the home fund with \$151,871,20, the total being about \$250 less assets this year as compared with last. The expenditure was \$24,671,72, which included \$1268 94 paid for taxes and \$3600 for the support of the aged and infirm. The gross income was \$27,523,40, of which only \$8100 50 was derived from members' dues, interest, State aid, donations and bequests being the chief source. The thanks of the society are tendered to its friends.

The Secretary's reports were merely details of the finances as stated by the President. A vote of thanks to the President was proposed and unanimously adopted, after which the meeting adjourned.

THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

(Galveston News, September 10.)

Another instance of the pressure of that prejudice, unaccountable in the light of the Nineteenth Century, which found expression some years ago in the action of the management of the Stewart Hotel at Saratoga, has occurred in the case of Miss Jeannette Goldberg, of Jefferson, a cousin of Mr. Sam W. Goldberg, of this city, who signally distinguished herself at Rutgers Female College, New York City, on the occasion of her graduation two years ago. Recently she was appointed to the chair of moral science and English literature in Sherwood Female College, Staunton, Va., mention of which fact was conveyed by electric flashes all over the country, with complimentary allusion to the intellectual brilliancy of the fair professor which were regarded as deservedly merited. Miss Goldberg had concluded preparations to start for her post of duty, when last Monday's mail brought her the following letter from the principal of the college:

"Miss Jeannette Goldberg: I trust you will pardon my conduct, but experience and observation have long since taught me that 'honesty is the best policy.' Up to the time of my personal interview I had no idea you were by birth and religion an Israelite. Even after I knew the fact I was so agreeably impressed with your brightness (as I have been previously with your letters) that I took time to communicate with my business friends, who knew well the peculiar conditions which surround our schools and the conditions necessary for success. While neither they nor I have any prejudice against your people and their religion, yet, situated as we are, namely, competing for scholars with other schools, I am afraid these two facts would be in the highest degree detrimental to the success of my school and would make your stay unpleasant, which would be a source of regret and friction to me. This being the case, much to my regret, I am forced to ask you to release me from the engagement. This request is dictated by no other motive than those stated above and I trust my candid statement of the difficulty will be appreciated by you and kindly received. It was unfortunate that you did not mention this when you wrote applying for the position. With high expressions of esteem and regard, I am respectfully,

J. M. MASSEY"

In reply Miss Goldberg wrote Mr. Massey a ladylike but profoundly philosophical letter in which she reminded him that the patronage of the Israelites was not rejected, and that under American institutions, and as taught by American colleges, the race in life is free to all, with aptitude and merit, if not the rightful claimants of reward, at least not subjected to hindrance that finds no objection from the standpoint of justice or sense. There is considerable indignation expressed by the Israelites of Dallas at the genius which would discriminate against their race, and a lady at that, while in other countries with less pretensions to human freedom, Jewish intellect has not only been untrammeled but has been appreciated, as in the case of Disraeli.

We do not care to add much comment to the above, writes our Cincinnati contemporary, it speaks for itself. Had Miss Goldberg been ready to become an apostate she would have been warmly welcomed. We do not know whether Sherwood College has any Jewish pupils, but if it has they should be promptly withdrawn after this exhibition of bigoted intolerance. We trust our Virginia friends will give this the widest publicity possible.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Philadelphia celebrates the centennial of the signing of the Constitution of the United States this week. Every effort has been made to make the celebration a national affair, and it will be such, by the voices of the representative men of this country that will be heard on that occasion. The event should have been celebrated officially by the nation, even more so than the Declaration of Independence, as upon the perfection of that wonderful instrument of human wisdom depended the stability of the great fabric, the corner stone of which was laid by heroic sacrifice, the War of Independence.

Gladstone pronounced a great truth when he pronounced the Constitution of the United States the most perfect and wisest enactment that ever issued from human mind. It has successfully stood the test of a century which was fraught with portentous events. It proved adequate to the needs of a nation growing and struggling for its existence. It withstood the mighty strain of a terrible internal war; it enabled the people of this country to absorb all the heterogeneous elements that flocked to it, and under its benign shelter the population has increased from a few millions to sixty millions, and wastes have been turned into teeming gardens.

But the most precious gem in this wonderful cluster of legal wisdom is the separation of Church and State. It deals with the affairs of men, and rigidly excludes the ambitious efforts of a church or churches to lord it over their rivals. The stability of our institutions is due to the liberty which is guaranteed to all men to pursue their moral perfection in their own way and upon the pre-

servation of this gem in the future will depend the safety of our institutions. This Centennial Jubilee is superior to all those that have figured so prominently of late. It does not cling to the ephemeral life of Kaiser, Pope or Queen, it holds up to veneration the deeds of men who represented the people, who, acting for the people, were bent upon erecting a structure with the sovereignty of the people as the cupola protecting and overshadowing the whole. For the first time in the history of man were the people seated upon the throne that belongs to them of right, and through it man as the reason-gifted Son of God.

Nor has this great achievement of our fathers remained without influence upon the nations of the world. All the liberal advance politically of this century is due to the lustreous example set.

Really the American people have just cause to rejoice on this occasion, and to be grateful to the King of Kings for the wisdom, that He has vouchsafed to them.—*The Hebrew Standard*, Sept. 16th, 1887.

DAVE P. LEVY.

We are deeply sorry to have to chronicle the demise yesterday at 12:30 of our esteemed friend, Dave P. Levy. About four weeks ago he suffered from an attack of paralysis; he rallied somewhat, but soon his condition became critical, and yesterday he died. He leaves a wife and two children, one seven years and one six weeks old. Our community loses in Dave P. Levy, a good true man and citizen, who always had a willing heart and open hand for all in need of assistance. To his bereaved family we offer our most heartfelt sympathy.

CITY ITEMS.

Miss Flora Marks returned to Stockton last week from a visit to San Francisco.

Messrs. E. Cohen and H. Bernstein, of Santa Cruz, are home from a visit to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Steinhart returned to Stockton last week from a short visit to this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carrie Munter to Mr. Charles Levy, both of this city.

Mrs. H. M. Ackerman and her daughter, Miss May Ackerman, spent a few days in the city last week.

Mrs. Philip Lilenthal and children, with her brother, Mr. Seligman, left in a special car for New York last week.

Mr. Joseph S. Steiner, son of Mr. Samuel Steiner, of the firm of Steiner & Mugk of Colusa, is visiting his parents in this city.

The Unity Social Club, composed of members of Unity Lodge, I. O. B. B., will give a Simchat Torah Ball at B'nai B'rith Hall, on Tuesday evening, October 11th.

The report of the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum does not show as great an increase in membership as might be wished. The roll should be enlarged until it embraces nearly every Jewish resident of this Coast.

The marriage of Miss Sarah Joseph of this city, to Mr. Joseph C. Harris of Melville, Shasta County, formerly of Inyo County, will take place on Sunday, October 16th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1414 Howard street.

Clemens Goldsmith and Henry M. Bloch, ask for letters on the estate of Abraham M. Goldsmith, who died on the 14th instant, leaving a house and lot on Geary street, bet. Octavia and Gough, twenty shares of Bank of California stock and cash, in an estate exceeding \$10,000 in value.

The Bar Mitzvah of Master Martin Meyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Meyer, of 25 Harriet street, will be celebrated on the first day of Succoth (October 3d), at the Beth Israel Synagogue, on Turk street. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer will be pleased to see their friends. No cards.

Mrs. Michael Castle entertained a party of friends at her residence on O'Farrell st. on Thursday evening of last week, the hostess' usual reception day. A few pleasant hours were devoted to music and conversation, and before the departure of the guests a fine supper was served.

At the residence of Charles S. Bier, 1836 Sutter street, on Wednesday of last week, was celebrated the wedding of Miss Phena Loupe and Mr. Aaron Kahn of Louisiana. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Elkan Cohn. The floral decorations throughout the building were highly tasteful as well as artistic in design and arrangement.

The observance of the Day of Atonement this year was characterized by the usual sermons and services in the synagogues, and abstention from food and business, which render this festival most momentous in the calendar. The attendance at the various places of worship on Yom Kippur is generally larger than on any other day, and this time it seemed to eclipse all previous recurrences of the holiday. The incidents attending the prolonged fast and its termination with the welcome feast, were as ever the subject of much interest among the faithful. The pleasant weather, however, added greatly to the comfort of the worshippers.

THE HEBREW.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

New Family Drug Store!

We would respectfully announce that we have established at the

Corner of Sutter and Polk streets,

a branch of our business for many years located at the Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets. Being the most extensive importers of German and English Chemicals upon the Pacific Coast, we are prepared to supply our Customers with all the latest remedies and an exceptionally complete assortment of

Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes and Toilet Articles,

all of the BEST QUALITY and at the LOWEST PRICES.

As heretofore, the leading feature of our business will be the compounding by experienced dispensers of

PHYSICIANS' DESCRIPTIONS.

In this department we refer with satisfaction to our record of thirty-seven years in this city, and the most perfect reliance can be placed upon the

PURITY, STRENGTH AND FRESHNESS

of all ingredients used in Compounding.—Prescriptions originally prepared at either store can at a moment's notice be duplicated at the other and promptly delivered free of charge to any part of the city.

LADIES

will find in our special manufacture of Perfumes many rare and pleasing odors rivaling in permanency and delicacy those of Pinaud Lubin or Atkinson. We would especially call attention to

Wakelee's Triple Extracts.

June Roses, Wild Olive,

Japan Pea, Spring Violet,

Bridal Bouquet, Jacquemino Rose.

Wakelee's Colognes.

Our brand of Extra Cologne is highly prized and by many is preferred to the Choicest Farina.

Wakelee's Satchet Powders.

Lavender, White Rose,

Verbena, Musk,

Opopanax, Patchouly,

Jockey Club,

Violet,

Heliotrope.

OUR SODA FOUNTAIN.

Our Fountain is worthy of inspection, being formed of selected very beautiful specimens of California Onyx, the first ever manufactured.

ICE CREAM SODA.

We have introduced a number of entirely new flavors, concentrated by our original process from fruits, which combined with Ice Cream and Soda form a most delicious beverage.

We respectfully invite an inspection of our attractive store and extensive and complete assortment of goods.

WAKELEE & CO.

Corner Polk and Sutter Streets, and

Corner Montgomery and Bush Streets.

TELEPHONE NO. 2305.

A GENUINE BOOM.

In another column of our paper will be found the announcement of the sale of land in Livermore Valley, the Eden of California. The tract offered for the investment of our readers consists of farming, vine and orchard lands in large and small tracts, and the price asked for the same is far below that freely obtained for land of far less value and in far less desirable localities. Good valley land namely is offered at \$50 to \$100 the acre, and hill lands from \$10 to \$30. Town lots and improved property in Livermore, the largest town in Alameda county outside of Oakland and Alameda, can also be had at very reasonable rates. Messrs. Isaac Birnbaum & Co., the well known reliable real estate dealers, 224 Montgomery street, rooms 7 and 8, in this city, and Messrs. Mendenhall & Guttmann in Livermore, Alameda county, will cheerfully give all information desired.

The celebrated Maison Doree, on Kearny St., between Bush and Sutter, is one of the best of all similar establishments in this city. Its ices, cakes and confectioneries are unequalled not alone as regards their delicious taste, but also regarding the elegant and exquisite style in which they are gotten up. It certainly belongs to the bottom of our best society to have the above articles for any festive occasion furnished by the Maison Doree, and even the most fastidious gourmand will not hesitate to concede that this preference is justly merited by the excellent manner in which the above establishment serves its customers.

BORN.

In this city, September 21, to the wife of Prof. M. Nassau, a daughter.
In this city, September 25, to the wife of G. C. Marx, a daughter.

DIED.

In this city, September 24, Pauline, beloved wife of Joseph Danielowitz, and mother of Isidor Danielowitz, Mrs. Wm. Wolfsdorf. Mrs. J. Lewis and Mrs. J. Livingston.
In this city, September 24, Salomon Rosenberg, beloved son of Salomon Rosenberg, a native of San Francisco, aged 9 months and 24 days.

In this city, September 25, Eva, beloved daughter of John and Carrie Ehrlich of Tehama, Cal., aged 3 years, 3 months and 21 days.

MODY & HEINEMAN,

(Successors to David Netter & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in...

Wines, and Brandies,

791 to 795 Mission Street.

Our Brands of Kentucky Whiskies:

J. B. Millard's, M. Gregor's Old Stock, Imperial Cabinet, Par Excellence, A. A. Crown, Rock Castle, O. S. P. Sour Mash,

New York Bakery & Confectionery,
FOURTH STREET, SANTA ROSA.

The best Bread, Cakes, etc., delivered free of charge to all parts of the city.

JOHN WELLAND BREWING CO. LAGER BEER!

Sold During the Year of 1885, -- 68,095 Barrels of Beer.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LEBENBAUM BROTHERS,

LEADING

1441-1449 Polk,

COR. CALIFORNIA.

GROCERS,

ARE UNRIVALED FOR

Finest and Largest Assortment!

OF GROCERIES, WINES & TEAS.

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN THOSE OF ANY OTHER HOUSE.

The reputation of our firm, known all over the Pacific Coast, as the largest Grocery establishment West of Chicago, has been built up through our strict adherence, during a long series of years, to square dealing and keeping faith with customers. Our various departments—every one model of its kind—comprise Staple and Fancy Groceries, Table Luxuries and Delicacies of every description, the most fragrant Teas of this Spring's picking, and an unequalled Stock of Choice Wines, Whiskies, Cordials, Ale, Porter and Beer, and the best Mineral Water. In ordering from us YOU ARE SURE to get the best quality of goods, the lowest prices, and correct weight and measure. A special Feature of our Establishment is our Department for Household Furnishings and Art Baskets, of which we keep an immense variety.

CALL FOR OUR PRICE LIST.

TELEPHONE NO. 2001.

EXCELSIOR

Beverage Preserving Comp'y

FOR PRESERVING

Lager Beer, Ale, Cider and other Beverages.

CAUTION.—Being protected by U. S. Patent any infringement on our invention will be rigorously prosecuted.

This new invention consists of a Syphon-Bottle and contains carbonic acid with hops, alcohol etc., being forced by its own pressure in the Beer. It is clean and healthy, and needs no tanks, taps or other unsightly machinery around you; it will keep five gallons of Lager Beer or other beverage, for the low sum of 5 cents, from one to six months and retain its former flavor and purity.

The infusion is furnished by the only Steam Soda Works on the Pacific Coast, where the latest improved machinery and most expert workmen are employed under the personal management of P. G. Sompas, its sole proprietor.

Soda and Seltzer Water in bottles and Ironclad Fountains, in any desired quantity, can be furnished at the shortest notice.

An inspection of the Works is respectfully solicited. No more bad Bottled Beer nor Growlers.

FAMILIES AND DEALERS SUPPLIED.

Office, 263 Clementina Street, San Francisco.

Ackerman Bros.

IMPORTERS FROM ALL COUNTRIES,

123 Kearny Street, and 207 and 209 Sutter St., San Francisco.

QUADT'S

WALL PAPER EMPORIUM,

1388 Market Street, San Francisco,

Is the only place in the City to buy

Wallpaper of Every Description,

...AT...

Exceedingly Low Prices, less than they can be bought for at any other Establishment in San Francisco.

TRY IT.

NOW OPEN

Palace Salt Water Swimming Baths,

For Gentlemen and Ladies.

Junction of Filbert St. and Montgomery Ave.

The Finest in the World! The Pride of San Francisco.

CALL AND YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED.

All under the Management of

A. TRUEWORTHY.

GENUINE

PILSENER BEER!

...AT...

NORMAN'S,

No. 411 BUSH STREET, San Francisco.

Wines for the Holidays!

JACOB GUNDLACH.

C. BUNDSCHE.

Jacob Gundlach & Co.

Office and Depot, S. E. Corner Market and Second Streets, San Francisco.

A Large Selection of the Oldest and Best Wines in California. Superior Table Clarettes a Specialty. Importers of Fine Whiskies and European Liquors.



The Russ,227 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.**F. GRIMMELMANN & H. SIEBS**
Proprietors.**BEST DELICACIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.****FINEST LUNCH.**

THE CELEBRATED

SIERRA LAGER BEER
ON DRAUGHT.

Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

JOHN BLOHME,DEALER IN
Choice Wines and Liquors,
N. W. CORNER
SUTTER AND POLK STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Fa-

POST KELLER,
Restaurant & Saloon,
BOCA BEER,
JUSTUS HERBST & F. MAAS,
PROPRIETORS.South-East Corner Post and Kearny streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

The finest rooms in the city for meetings of Societies, Lodges and Private Parties.

HESSE & HEINS,Successors to
ADAM SMITH,
No. 633 Sacramento Street,
Corner Webb,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

"THE LIBERTY,"Nos. 119 and 121 EDDY STREET,
Between Mason and Taylor,
Under the B'nai B'rith Hall,
SAN FRANCISCO.

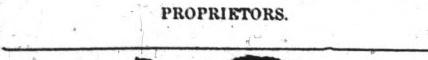
F. FORTMAN, Proprietor

The finest Wines and Liquors, the best Cigars
and the famous Lager Beer always fresh on draught.**CALIFORNIA THEATRE**
SALOON,
California Theatre, Bush St
Near Kearny, SAN FRANCISCO.**CHAS. LUDIN, Proprietor.**Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Philadelphia Lager on Draught.**Grizzly Bear Saloon**273 and 275 East Street,
Opposite the Ferries, SAN FRANCISCO.**W. H. DAVIES,**
Proprietor.

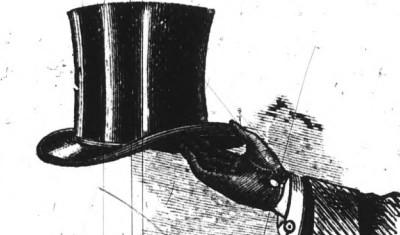
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

BILLIARD HALL.

Hunters Retreat. Don't forget to call!

TREASURY SCHOONER EXCHANGE.No. 621 Commercial Street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny, SAN FRANCISCO.**BILLIARDS AND POOL.**
Wines, Liquors, and White Labor
Cigars.CHAS. FICHTNER & CHAS. SMITH,
Proprietors.**JOHN CUERNIN,**
Dealer in all kinds of
Wood and Coal,
412 O'FARRELL STREET,
Between Taylor and Jones, SAN FRANCISCO.The cheapest place in the City to buy Wood and Coal.
Clean Coal and full weight guaranteed. Orders delivered
free of charge in all parts of the city at short notice.**It Stands at the**
HEAD!**DO NOT BUY A**
SEWING MACHINE
UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE
DOMESTIC!J. W. EVANS,
General Agent,

29 POST STREET, San Francisco.

LONDON DIAMONDS
JULIUS NEWMAN
AGENT
No. 120 SUTTER ST. ROOM 37
BET MONTGOMERY & KEARNEY ST.
LONDON N° 59 HATTON OFFICE GARDEN
LOOSE & MOUNTED DIAMONDS
DEALERS WILL SAVE CONSIDERABLE
BY BUYING FROM FIRSTHANDS**FALL STYLE HATS**
JUST OUT,
....AT....**K. MEUSSDORFFER'S**
HAT EMPORIUM,
No. 15.....Kearny Street,
SAN FRANCISCOA large and varied assortment of HATS, CAPS,
Etc., now on hand for the Fall and Winter.

For the Holidays!

LEON L. REY,
French Hatter,
Manufacturer and Dealer in**FINE HATS, CAPS, ETC.**1125 Market Street,
Between Seventh and Eighth, SAN FRANCISCO.Offers his splendid assortment of Hats and Caps of
every description for the ensuing holidays, at prices
lower than any other establishment in his line in San
Francisco.

Please call and convince yourself.

Bouquets, Baskets, Wreaths, Crosses, &c.

And designs of every description on hand and made to
order in the most artistic styles, special attention paid
to the decoration of private dwellings, halls, churches,
etc., and for receptions, balls, weddings and parties, at
lowest rates.

Telephone No. 1033.

ANCHOR SALOON,

1053 Market street.

FRED. FRESE, Proprietor.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

ARION HALL,SALOON AND RESTAURANT,
N. E. corner Kearny and Sutter Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

H. EDWARDSON & OHLETT, Proprietors.

Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Billiard and Pool.

All Delicacies of the Season.

Meeting Rooms for Societies, Parties, etc.

CORDELIA**Wine Vaults,**
No. 969 Mission Street,
N. E. corner Sixth Street, SAN FRANCISCO.**CALIFORNIA**

Wines and Brandies,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ADOLPH BECK, Proprietor.

Orders from all parts of the City promptly at-
tended to and delivered Free of Charge.**POINT REYES HOTEL,**
POINT REYES, CAL.Finest Resort in the State for Fishing
and Hunting.

Only three hours ride from San Francisco via N. P. C. R. R.

HARVEY BURDELL,
PROPRIETOR.Climate Superior. Accommodations Unexcelled.
Double and Single Teams always at hand.

All Trains stop Ten Minutes.

F. PRETORIOUS. J. C. LEMMER.

CALIFORNIA
BOILER WORKS,
PRETORIOUS & LEMMER,
PROPRIETORS.Nos. 125 and 127 FREMONT ST.
SAN FRANCISCO**MANUFACTURE**High and Low Pressure Boilers and
all kinds of Sheet Iron Work.

Particular attention aid to all kinds of Repairing

AUGUST REUSCHE,

[Successor to A. J. Saulmann.]

SAULMANN'S COFFEE SALOON,
GERMAN BAKERY & CONFECTORY518 and 520 California street,
Opposite California Market, SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR RUSSIAN CAVIAR.

ORDERS FOR CONFECTORY, PASTRY
Jellies, Cream, etc., for Wedding Ceremonies
and Parties, promptly attended to.Halson residence and extended custom is suf-
ficient guarantee of the superiority of his produc-
tions.J. WERNER,
TAILOR,

612 Commercial Street,

Neat door to U. S. Sub Treasury, SAN FRANCISCO

Cleaning & Repairing

Promptly Attended to.

C. M. LEOPOLD,

Florist and Seedsman,

35 POST STREET, bel. Kearny,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Choice Butter and Fresh Eggs a Specialty.

B. FROSS,

The Tailor,

Has Removed from 410 Kearny street to

No. 324 Bush Street,

Opp. Bush-street Theatre, SAN FRANCISCO.

His line of goods and prices defy competition.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

THE BELLEVUE!

Coffee and Lunch Parlor.

EMIL QUARZ, Proprietor.

109 DUPONT STREET,

Near Geary, SAN FRANCISCO.

Fresh Eggs, Good Pastry and Fine Steaks.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

PALACE BAKERY,

COFFEE,

ICE CREAM AND OYSTER PARLORS,

20 Third St., near Stevenson.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ROBERT MATTHEY,

Proprietor.

109 DUPONT STREET,

Near Geary, SAN FRANCISCO.

Fresh Eggs, Good Pastry and Fine Steaks.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

CALIFORNIA NURSERY

San Bruno Road, 28th Street.

HENRY MELDE,

Florist and Decorator,

No. 409 SUTTER STREET,

Between Stockton and Powell, SAN FRANCISCO.

Danicheff

KID GLOVES,

ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION.

SALESROOM,

No. 119 Grant Avenue,

(Formerly Dupont street)

[COMMUNICATED.]

In a conversation with the renowned rifle shot, Mr. Philo Jacoby, than whom no name is more familiar to the people of both continents in connection with the science of sharpshooting; he tells us that to excel in the art a strict guard must be kept on the appetite; dissipation of every sort avoided and well directed exercise carefully attended to. The trophies he can produce, and the personal knowledge we of the far west coast have of him, makes his opinion worthy of great consideration. Steadiness of nerve, he says, is the great desideratum, without which no man need hope for success. Plain healthful diet of solid material, avoiding all pastry, must be adhered to; and as a little stimulant is good, and most people sure to take it in some form, he would from personal experiences recommend peruvian bitters, which, whilst affording the stimulant in a mild form, also, with its great tonic qualities, braces the nerves and helps the stomach to do grand work in taking care of its load. We are glad to see an article "native to the manly born," endorsed by a man like Mr. J., and would advise all shooters who hope to arrive at his standard, to go and do likewise.

VERITAS.

BEST NEWS?

Of vital interest to all those having their bodily interest and welfare at heart is the welcome news that Mr. John Plagemann of the cosy place of entertainment "The Rendezvous" O'Farrell street above Dupont, has always on draught John Wieland's United States Lager Beer which they serve to their customers at 5 cents a glass. All you who are thirsty, go and convince yourself.

J. A. Cutters Whiskey is the best and realest Whiskey in the market. Prints keinen anderen. Nur dort wo es steht, steht von der Plaster-Firma A. P. Holaling & Co., 429 to 437 Jackson St., Importeur von edlen Weinen und Liqueuren im portir ist.

We take especial pleasure in recommending to all those of our readers wishing to be supplied with the very best and purest Whiskies in the market, the firm of A. P. Holaling & Co., 429 to 437 Jackson street. This pioneer firm, (established 1852,) makes a specialty of J. H. Cutters Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, which, we are sure, are the very best of all brands in the market. J. H. Cutters Old Bourbon is a favorite with all good judges of good liquors, and has kept its reputation in spite of all opposition. Messrs. A. P. Holaling & Co. also keep on hand a large stock of first-class Wines and Liquors of every description, and we can assure our readers that all those patronizing the above firm will be fairly dealt with.

We take pleasure in personally recommending to all those of our readers having property to be taken care of, the services of the real estate firm of C. S. Capp & Co., 638 Market street. Since the twenty-five years Capp & Co. have been in business they have always given satisfaction to their patrons, especially those who have given them charge of their property, the collecting of rents, etc. etc. They always find customers for property entrusted them for sale and have also desirable property in all parts of the city for sale. Those patronizing C. S. Capp & Co., can be sure of having their business honestly and faithfully attended to.

Es ist eine unbeküttete Thatfahe, daß die herveragende Kleiderfirma unserer Stadt "The Hastings" S. W. Ede Montgomery u. Sutter, ist. Der Aufobiger Firmen in Brug auf Recllaff, niedrige Preise und vorzügliche erster Klasse Ware ist ein weit verbreiterter, der nicht allein in San Francisco, sondern über die ganze Pacific Küste erfreut. Tüchtige, erfahrene Juweliere sorgen für genaues Paifen. Außerdem für Herrengarderobe-Artikel, sowie Hemden auf Bestellung angefertigt, eine besondere Spezialität. Wir empfehlen unsern Lesern "The Hastings" aus angenehmlichste und ratzen dieferen sich bei etwasmigem Bedarf im Store, S. W. Ede Montgomery und Sutter Sir, einzuhinden.

The N. W. corner of Bush and Polk street, is the objective point of thousands of our best citizens who know that there the best Candies in the city are manufactured and sold. Mr. Geo. F. Roberts is always ready to supply the public with the latest novelty in Candies and Confectionery. His stock is large and choice, absolutely pure, and sold at the lowest prices. Those who desire Candies for Parties, Weddings and Dinners will find it to their advantage to send their orders to Mr. Roberts, N. W. corner Bush and Polk streets.

It is a well known fact that the most prominent clothing firm in this city is "The Hastings," south west corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets. They have the reputation of square dealings, low prices and first-class goods. Goods are just as represented, and their cutters are first-class artists. They also make a specialty of gentlemen's furnishing goods and shirts are made to order, and a perfect fit guaranteed. We advise all our readers to patronize "The Hastings" Clothing establishment, cor. of Montgomery and Sutter sts.

Die N. W. Ecke von Bush und Polk ist der Walfahrtsort vieler tausende von Bürgern die dort ihr Heil in Candy suchen, der nirgends so gut gefordert wird, als wie hier. Herr Roberts ist stets bereit Beziehungen auszuführen, da er durch sein großes Lager seitigen Candies allen Ansprüchen gerecht werden kann.</p

THE HEBREW.

RIFLE NOTES.

The following is the programme of the great shooting festival of the Swiss Rifle Club of San Francisco, which takes place on Sunday next, October 2nd, at Harbor View Park. Shooting begins at half past eight A. M. and lasts with one hour intermission for dinner from 12 to 1 till half past 5 P. M.; any rifle not over 45 calibre, any pull of trigger and any sight with the exception of telescope allowed. There will be bullseye targets at which 10 shots are given for \$1.00. All monies paid for tickets in these targets, (less 25 per cent for expense) will be divided among the bullseyes (22 rings) shot; the Swiss R. C. give besides 6 prizes, \$15.00, 12.00, 10.00, 7.00, 4.00, and 2.00 as premiums for most bullseyes shot over 60. At the main targets, (4 shots) \$140.00 divided into 20 prizes (first prize, \$25.00) will be given. At the Honorary Targets 3 shots, \$300.00 cash divided into 25 prizes; (\$30.00, 27.00, 25.00, 23.00, 20.00, 19.00, 18.00, 16.00, 15.00, 14.00, 13.00, 12.00, 10.00, 9.00, 8.00, 7.00, 6.00, 5.00, 4.00, 4.00, 3.00, 3.00, 2.00, 2.00) are offered. To the above cash prizes, many valuable articles, Jewelry, etc., presented by members and friends of the Swiss Rifle Club, will be added. On both above targets the tickets cost \$1.00; \$2.00 will be given each for the first and last bullseyes fore and afternoon. All prizes won will be distributed at Eintracht Hall, 316 Post Street, Saturday Evening, October 8th, 9 P. M., and a banquet will follow the prize distribution. It will be seen that the programme of the shooting festival is a most liberal one, and we hope that all our readers, members of the California Schuetzen club and others, will not fail to make their appearance on the shooting stand in Harbor View, October 2d, and capture some of the valuable prizes offered by the pioneer rifle club of our city, the Swiss Rifle Club of San Francisco.

The regular monthly bullseye shooting of the Swiss Rifle Club was held at Harbor View Sunday last with the following result: First prize, T. Wetzel; second, J. Leemann; third, J. Dornbierer; fourth, C. Luithold; fifth, J. Bachmann; sixth, E. Zahn; seventh, H. Zambelli; eighth, P. Segesser.

The crack Italian military company, Bersagliere, held a company and public prize shooting at Harbor View Sunday last with the following result: Company shooting: First prize, gold medal, P. Antonelli; second prize, silver medal, F. Dolongaro; third prize, silver-plated pistol, Captain S. Martinelli. Public shooting: First prize, a gold medal, won by Philo Jacoby with 31 rings out of a possible 36; second prize, silver medal, won by Mr. Rossi with 17; and the third by Mr. Romani with 14 rings. Remington military rifles, 50 calibre, were used, target 24 inches, and the distance 200 yards.

We dropped in at the establishment of our friend Mr. Huguenin lately and inspected a grand goblet and also the medal both of which he has brought back as trophies from the late grand Swiss Federal shooting festival at Genf. The goblet is a masterpiece of the silversmith's art; the foot of it is round and solid and two beautifully finished eagle heads support the stem. The bowl is broad and short, and upon its sides are two splendidly engraved scenes, divided by a Swiss Cross, representing ancient and modern marksmanship. In the former part is seen a Swiss in the dress of the 14th century, aiming with his cross-bow at a small target fastened upon a high pole, around him are other ancient marksmen with their weapons. A scene in the Swiss shooting stand of to-day represents our present rifle contests; we see the modern dressed marksmen with their rifles, shooting away at the targets, an officer is watching them; on a table a winner of the much coveted goblet is sitting having a good time with his friends, while another marksman, holding a goblet he has just won in his hand, is joining him. Altogether we consider Mr. Huguenin's goblet one of the finest ever won at a Federal Swiss shooting festival.

The value of the prizes which will be contested for at next Sunday's shooting festival of the Swiss Rifle Club amount to \$1,000.

The shooting will begin exactly at 8 A. M. Those marksmen wishing to contest for the first bullseye should take the Union Street Cable Cars, ten minutes before 7 A. M.

In the forenoon, targets 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 will be bullseye targets, 3, 4, 5, 6 Honorary, and 1 and 2, Man Targets. The committee will arrange the targets in the afternoon to suit the demand.

The presented prizes at the Honorary target of the Swiss Rifle Club shooting festival Sunday next, are exhibited at the show windows of our comrade Rahwyler, 631 Kearny street. Among them are a box containing $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen silver forks and $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen silver spoons, both very heavy from Mr. Borrell, the Swiss Consul; a large silver soup ladle in case, by Mr. E. Zahn; a fine carving set, by Mr. J. Bachmann; a fine Winchester rifle, by the Winchester Arms Co. etc. etc.

The bullseye at the late Swiss Federal shooting festival was 15.35 inches in diameter, the distance 1000 feet. Mr. Huguenin states that he had seen Herrmann von Boekeler (from Basel) the first prize-winner in rapid shooting, making over 1000 bullseyes in succession. All rifles used at the festival were open-sight, any trigger.

Mr. Cummings, a member of the California Schuetzen Club made a wager with Mr. Jeff Martin Sunday last, at Harbor View, that he would beat the score of Mr. O. F. Young 434 rings, made in the monthly shooting of last June. Mr. Cummings won with the following score: 22, 25, 22, 18, 24, 23, 20, 19, 24, 20, 24, 22, 22, 19, 23, 23, 24, 20—440 rings.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teeth or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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GRAND Shooting Festival, TO BE GIVEN BY THE SWISS RIFLE CLUB ...AT... Harbor View Park, ...ON... SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1887.

The shooting will begin at 8 o'clock A. M. sharp, and close at 5:30 P. M.; one hour intermission between 12 and 1 o'clock.

A large list of cash prizes and gift prizes, representing in value the sum of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, will be awarded to the best shooters.

Marksman of all nationalities and friends of the Club are cordially invited.

THE COMMITTEE.

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